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Relational Resistance: (Re)telling and (Re)living Our Stories as Canadian Muslim Mothers and Daughters

Drawing upon my experiences as a Canadian Muslim woman and mother, I engaged in a two-year narrative inquiry (Clandinin; Clandinin and Connelly) alongside three Canadian Muslim girls, and their mothers, as the girl co-inquirers transitioned into adolescence. Reverberating across the stories co-inquirers and I shared are experiences of living in the midst of, and in relation to, multiple arrogant perceptions (Lugones) and single stories (Adichie) of who we are— or should be—as good Muslim mothers and daughters. However, sharing, living, and inquiring into these stories alongside one another foregrounded the many ways we lived stories of relational resistance (Saleh, Stories We Live and Grow By).

Ben Okri asserts that "one way or another we are living the stories planted in us early or along the way, or we are also living the stories we planted—knowingly or unknowingly—in ourselves" (46). Re-presenting my inquiry journey alongside one pair of mother (Layla) and daughter (Maya) co-inquirers, I make visible many of the stories we live by, with, and in (Clandinin; (Saleh, Stories We Live and Grow By).) and how, together, we inquired into many of the stories that have been planted in us, the stories we are planting in ourselves and others, and the stories that we are relationally shaping and reshaping alongside one another. Thinking alongside Hilde Lindemann Nelson's (1995) conceptualization of chosen communities as sites of resistance to taken-for-granted, dominant narratives, I make visible how we resisted arrogant perceptions and single stories of us as Muslim mothers and daughters.

> Maya[1]: There's one kid, he's from … I'm not sure where, but he was in my class because he was kept back a grade, so I see [other students] saying mean things to him like, "Go back to your country!" and I'm like, "This is his country."
>
> Layla: Good for you ... Good for you for speaking up though.

The above conversational excerpt is rooted from within a two-year narrative inquiry (Clandinin; Clandinin and Connelly) alongside three pairs of Canadian Muslim mothers and daughters (Saleh, *Stories We Live and Grow By)*.[2] As a Canadian Muslim woman, mother, daughter, granddaughter, educator, and beginning scholar whose eldest daughter was in the midst of transitioning into adolescence, I had many wonders about the experiences of other Muslim mothers and daughters during this time of significant life transition[3] (Brown and Gilligan). I especially wondered about how dominant narratives from within and across Muslim and other communities in Canada shape our lives and experiences. Despite—or perhaps because of—the prevalence of stories of Muslim females as victims of oppression[4] in various media and literature (Bullock and Jaffri; Sensoy and Marshall), little is known about our diverse experiences—particularly the experiences of Muslim mothers and daughters composing lives and identities alongside one another in familial and community places in Canada.

Ben Okri asserts that "one way or another we are living the stories planted in us early or along the way, or we are also living the stories we planted—knowingly or unknowingly—in ourselves" (46). Alongside three Muslim mothers (Safaa, Ayesha, and Layla) and their daughters (Rayyan, Zahra, and Maya), I narratively inquired into many of the stories that have been planted in us, the stories we are planting in ourselves and others, and the stories that we are relationally shaping and reshaping as Muslim mothers and daughters.

Rooting and Growing a Narrative Inquiry

Connelly and Clandinin ("Narrative Inquiry") help me to understand that, as both phenomenon and methodology, narrative inquiry "is first and foremost a way of thinking about experience. Narrative inquiry as methodology entails a view of the phenomenon. To use narrative inquiry methodology is to adopt a particular view of experience as phenomenon under study" (375). Narrative inquiry is rooted in a Deweyan (pragmatic and transactional) philosophy of life as experience and experience as education. John Dewey asserts that all experience stems and grows from previous experience. Drawing upon Dewey's ideas and his criteria of experience —*interaction* and *continuity* enacted in *situations*—Clandinin and Connelly develop the metaphoric three dimensions of narrative inquiry: temporality, sociality, and place.

Believing in the storied nature of life and experience (Bruner; Crites) and that I am an inextricable part of the research phenomena and process, I have engaged in an extensive autobiographical narrative inquiry (Clandinin and Connelly; Saleh et al.) into the stories I live *by*, *with*, and *in* throughout the research. In asserting we live *by* stories, I draw upon a narrative conception of identity (Connelly and Clandinin, *Shaping a Professional Identity*). I also believe that we live *in* stories—in the midst of continually unfolding personal, familial, intergenerational, social, cultural, temporal, linguistic, institutional, and other narratives (Clandinin). The work of David Morris has helped me to understand that living *with* stories is an ongoing process of living in relation to the countless narratives we are always in the midst of. Alongside co-inquirers, I sought to co-compose this research in ways rooted in relational ethics (Clandinin et al., *The Relational Ethics*; Menon et al.) as we made visible the multiplicity of stories we live *by*, *with*, and *in*.

Rooting and Growing Relationships and Research Texts

> Relationship is key to what it is that narrative inquirers do.
> —Clandinin and Connelly 189

Following institutional ethics approval in January 2015, I contacted several friends, former colleagues, and community liaisons with connections from within and across diverse Muslim communities and larger community organizations to help in my search for potential mother and daughter co-inquirer pairs. I asked for help in connecting with potential participants who self-identified as Canadian Muslim mothers and daughters, with girl/daughter co-inquirers who had grown up in Canada and were in the process of transitioning into adolescence (approximately eleven or twelve years old at the commencement of our research). Introduced by different friends and colleagues, I was blessed with the opportunity to narratively inquire alongside three Muslim mothers (Safaa, Ayesha, and Layla) and their daughters (Rayyan, Zahra, and Maya).

Between February 2015 and March 2017, co-inquirers and I lived and inquired alongside one another in many familial and community places, including our homes, parks, masjids (mosques), and restaurants. Although I believe that our experiences within school places undeniably shape our lives and experiences, I also believe, like Huber, Murphy, and Clandinin (2011), that school curriculum making has often been privileged over familial curriculum making in the study of curriculum.[5] For this reason, I purposely sought to engage alongside co-inquirers into a world of curriculum making not often recognized, particularly for Canadian Muslim children, youth, and families.

Co-composed inquiry field texts (often referred to as "data") included the following: multiple transcribed conversations alongside mothers and daughter co-inquirer pairs (together and individually), researcher and co-inquirer reflective writing and artistic representations, field notes, text messages, letters, photographs, and other personal and familial artifacts. Following several seasons of inquiry, and still in the midst of conversations alongside co-inquirers, I began the process of looking across field texts to discern narrative threads (Clandinin et al., "Reverberations") that resonated across field texts—for each co-inquirer, pair of mother and daughter co-inquirers, and all six co-inquirers. I did this by discerning patterns of continuities, discontinuities, silences, resonances, tensions, and wonders within and across field texts. Throughout this process, I typed notes of what I understood to be threads resonating within and across our stories and brought these notes with me to conversations with all three pairs of mother and daughter co-inquirers. During these conversations, I asked variations of the following questions: Is anything missing? Did I misunderstand anything? Is this how you understand the stories we lived and inquired into together? All six co-inquirers approved of the narrative threads I identified and helped to elucidate and/or identify resonant threads.

Rooting (Research) Relationships alongside Layla and Maya

> Me: I was thinking about how this is one of our last research conversations …
>
> Layla: I was thinking the other day about how bad I feel that you have to go back and listen to these conversations again [laughing] … Maya, can you get closer to *A3mto* [Arabic for Auntie] Muna's phone so she can hear you later?
>
> Maya: Want to listen to me chew A3mto Muna? [laughing as she chews near the phone]
>
> Layla: [Laughing] This girl is so not me … she's social, but she's so sarcastic too …

A key commitment I hold as a narrative inquirer is to re-present the stories co-inquirers and I shared, inquired, and lived alongside each other in ways that honour the contexts, complexities, and nuances of our sharing and experiences. Margot Ely notes that "our reports must glow with life. This not only to honor our stories but, more important, to support the ethic that undergirds them … narrative researchers are obligated to present the stories of those people in ways that cleave as closely as possible to the essence of what and how they shared" (569). Thus, rather than attempting to (shallowly) re-

present living and inquiring alongside all three mother and daughter co-inquirer pairs, in the following sections, I focus upon inquiring alongside one mother and daughter co-inquirer pair—Layla and Maya[6]—to give a sense of our relational resistance (Saleh, *Stories We Live by, with, and In*) to arrogant perceptions (Lugones) and single stories (Adichie) from within and across Muslim and other communities in Canada.

A good friend introduced me to her younger sister, Layla, almost fifteen years ago. Layla and I have built a strong friendship over the ensuing years, with my children calling Layla "*A3mto*" and her children doing the same with me. Layla has five children (by birth order): Ahmed, Maya (daughter co-inquirer), Adam, Rema, and Jamal. Layla was born in Canada to Lebanese immigrant parents, and Maya's father, Mahmoud, was born in Lebanon and immigrated to Canada as a young child. Layla and Maya's family have composed their lives in rural Alberta's Tree Town[7] for almost fifteen years. After hearing about my search for mother and daughter co-inquirer pairs from her sister, Layla contacted me to express an interest in participating in this research alongside Maya. While I recognized that I needed to be wakeful (Greene) to how our already close relationships would shape our inquiry, I felt that it was important to include Layla's and Maya's stories of experiences as Canadian Muslim females composing their lives in a rural Alberta context.

Rooting and Growing Stories of Relational Resistance in (Our Chosen) Community

> If I didn't define myself for myself, I would be crunched into other people's fantasies for me and eaten alive.
>
> —Lorde 137

In a paper (delightfully) titled "Resistance and Insubordination," Hilde Lindemann Nelson discusses the process by which groups of people can come together to resist taken-for-granted, dominant narratives. She differentiates between "found" and "chosen" communities by asserting that we are all members of found communities—that is, communities within the places we find ourselves, such as schools, workplaces, and nations. However, drawing upon the work of Marilyn Friedman, Nelson also describes the powerful possibilities of communities of *choice*— particularly for women:

> Rather than accept as binding the moral claims of the communities in which they find themselves, Friedman points out, on reaching adulthood women can form *radically different communities based on voluntary association*. She invokes both friendship and urban relationships as models for this sort of chosen community. Because such communities can focus "on people who are distributed throughout

> social and ethnic groupings and who do not themselves constitute a traditional community of place" (Friedman 1989, 290) and because women are a prime example of such a distributed group, chosen communities are particularly important for women. (my emphasis, 23)

Over time, I have come to recognize and appreciate how, through our narrative inquiry, Maya, Layla, and I formed a chosen community within which we were able to co-create spaces to (re)live and (re)tell "morally self-defining narratives" (Nelson 24).

Although a thread woven throughout my inquiries alongside co-inquirers was our relational resistance (Saleh, *Stories We Live and Grow By* 207) to dominant narratives of who we are or should be as Muslim mothers/women and daughters/girls, I am wakeful to how matricentric feminism (O'Reilly) bolstered our resistance. Andrea O'Reilly explains that matricentric feminism is "a mother-centred mode of feminism" (3) that is not simply for biological mothers; it is inclusive of "all people who do the work of mothering as a central part of their life" (1). She asserts that undergirding her work and this form of feminism is the affirmation that "mothering matters, and it is central to the lives of women who are mothers" (1). Through our motherline inquiries, however, co-inquirers and I also illuminated the relational resistance we engaged in through our *sister*lines, or how we are supported and sustained in our mothering by other girls and women, not necessarily connected to us by blood but by the heart. My inquiries alongside mother co-inquirers further highlighted how, at times, our daughters can mother us (Saleh, *Stories We Live and Grow By*).

Our Relational Resistance to Multiple Arrogant Perceptions and Single Stories

> The single story creates stereotypes. And the problem with stereotypes is not that they are untrue, but that they are incomplete. They make one story become the only story.
>
> — Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie

In her TED talk, Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie argues that single stories are created when places and/or people are repeatedly (mis)represented in reductive, monolithic ways. For me, single stories are intimately connected to Maria Lugones's conceptualization of arrogant perception. Of particular salience for the experiences co-inquirers and I (re)told and (re)lived alongside one another, Lugones elucidates her conceptualization of "world"-travelling, in which "a 'world' need not be a construction of a whole society. It may be a construction of a tiny portion of a particular society. It may be inhabited by just a few

people. Some 'worlds' are bigger than others" (10). Lugones highlights how in foregrounding variations of the many selves we embody, we travel within, across, and between myriad personal and social worlds. She emphasizes, however, that we "world"-travel with varying degrees of (un)health[8] and/or (dis/)ease, as there are "worlds" where we are constructed by/with arrogant (rather than loving) perception.

Through my narrative inquiries alongside co-inquirers, I am more wakeful to how although there are countless stories—constructed and enforced by different individuals, families, and communities—of who can be deemed a 'good' (Muslim) girl/daughter and woman/mother, each construction involves the creation and perpetuation of a single story of 'goodness.' Inquiring alongside mother and daughter co-inquirers has made me wakeful to how single stories of goodness are undergirded by personal and social constructions of normativity (Goodwin and Huppatz). Because these single stories can be deeply rooted, those considered to be on the margins of, or outside, the borders (Menon and Saleh) of constructions of goodness can be arrogantly perceived as deficient or lacking in goodness. However, considering the diversity of stories co-inquirers and I shared of our experiences in relation to single stories of goodness as Muslim daughters and mothers, it is important to note that these stories are neither fixed nor frozen; for, as Goodwin and Huppatz (2010) assert, the form and expression of constructions of goodness are rooted in ever-shifting personal, cultural, social, geographic, temporal, and generational narratives, contexts, and expectations.

The following sections illuminate some of our stories of living in the midst of, and in relation to, multiple arrogant perceptions and single stories of who we 'are' or 'should' be as good Canadian Muslim mothers and daughters. However, I simultaneously illuminate how, as we told, retold, lived, and relived[9] (Clandinin; Clandinin and Connelly) our stories within our chosen community, Layla, Maya, and I engaged in relational resistance to these unhealthy narratives.

"Don't Judge a Book by Its Cover" (Maya, Summer 2015)

In the summer of 2015, I visited with Layla and Maya in their home in Tree Town for our first research conversation. During this conversation, Maya offered me the reflective research journal she had been keeping for several months in anticipation of our research conversation. One of Maya's first entries in the summer before starting grade six read as follows: "At school when it's hot out and all of the girls are wearing shorts and tank tops and I can't wear that stuff it's kind of hard, and when I swim all the girls wear bikinis and I have to wear shorts and a swim shirt, but clothing has nothing to do with my personality in other words—don't judge a book by its cover." I

responded by telling Maya that as a woman in hijab,[10] I know how frustrating it can be to feel (overly) covered in warmer weather. Maya sighed and said, "It sucks. My friend Yasmeen is Muslim and can wear shorts, tank tops, and even bikinis." Layla responded to Maya's words with understanding, but also by reminding her of the diversity of individual and familial faith and practice: "It's hard because I know that clothes are a really big deal for her … I try to tell her that not all Muslims practice the same and that we don't have to do what everyone else is doing."

Later in our inquiry, Layla stressed the importance of encouraging Maya to be active in sports and extracurricular activities, not just to build relationships in Tree Town, but also because she wants Maya to pursue her passions. In response, Maya excitedly talked about practicing multiple figure skating routines for an upcoming Tree Town skating exhibition. Layla discussed how she sometimes makes slight alterations to Maya's skating costumes because the skirts are "really short":

> Layla: She wears thick tights anyway, so it's okay [laughing]. But some of them are *really* short…
>
> Maya: I don't like it when they're so short like that.
>
> Layla: But do you have a hard time because your costume is different?
>
> Maya: Kind of … but, I don't really care because I always have nice dresses. I mean everyone has long sleeves though …
>
> Layla: They all have long sleeves, but they're usually very short. Like last year, I just added an extra piece of material at the bottom so it didn't really make much of a difference; it just looked more flowy.

Although Layla and Maya repeatedly and creatively (re)negotiated dressing expectations, our inquiry highlighted how arrogant perceptions and single stories about how Maya should dress as a good Muslim girl can be difficult for both Maya and Layla to navigate. During a conversation with Layla in the early winter of 2016, she shared her frustration with feeling judged in her mothering when a female relative expressed displeasure after seeing a picture of Maya in one of her skating costumes. Layla and I agreed that Maya's skating costumes were not at all inappropriate, and Layla said the following:

> I get it … someone seeing a picture, it can come across like, "Shoo labsee?" [Arabic for "What is she wearing?"] … but at the same time, that's the problem with our kids; they can't participate in anything because of stuff like that, you know? … and Maya doesn't seem to care that I alter her costumes; she just loves skating. I asked her if she minded and she said no, and you *know* that she'd tell me if she didn't like it. [laughing]

Giving a sense of Layla's embodied knowing (Johnson; Waheed) as a woman in hijab, Layla mused, "It's so sad because people see us and make assumptions about our kids or the way we are as parents … the stereotypes are so strong sometimes." Towards the end of our inquiry, in response to pressures that both Layla and Maya felt from family members and others in their community for Maya to don hijab,[11] Layla repeatedly assured Maya that donning hijab is a *choice* that must be carefully made with awareness of multiple considerations. However, she also stressed that "it won't stop her from doing what she wants to do if she chooses to wear it."

The stories Layla and Maya shared continue to make me contemplate how single stories and arrogant perceptions related to dress from within and across Muslim and other communities in Canada can be extremely challenging for Muslim girls and their mothers to negotiate. We often struggle to honour and balance personal, familial, cultural, and religious/faith-based narratives with the awareness that, no matter what we do, we will be deemed too covered by some and not covered enough by others. However, alongside Layla, and supportive family, friends, teammates, and coaches, Layla and Maya creatively shifted boundaries and expectations through slight alterations to her costumes and by continuing to pursue Maya's passion for figure skating. As the following sections will elucidate, however, expectations related to dress were only some of the myriad "shoulds" we resisted within our chosen community.

"I Always Tell Them Don't Ever Be Ashamed of Who You Are" (Layla, Fall 2015)

In the late fall of 2015, Layla shared her surprise upon receiving a delivery of flowers accompanied by a supportive note from an anonymous neighbour following the Paris terror attacks in November.[12] "The thought was so nice, especially when so much is going on with the politics and all the talk about Muslims and whatever." I asked Layla if she felt a difference towards her following the attacks, particularly as one of only a few Muslim women in hijab in Tree Town.

> Layla: I don't really feel racism in town. I really don't. But we have an opinion page in Tree Town, and I see a lot in there … I don't see it when I'm out and about or at the arena or anything. At the arena, we're like a family, all the people who have their kids in hockey and skating; we all kind of know each other … and yes, I might get a few stares here and there, but I don't think about it …
>
> Me: That opinion page you were talking about, that was in the paper?
>
> Layla: No it was online. There's lots of racism in there actually, like one guy was responding to a lady who was like [in relation to recent

> terror attacks], "They're not real Muslims," and he was like, "No, they're all like that."

Troubled, I asked Layla if she knows the person who posted that comment:

> No, because he commented anonymously. But there's this one dad from Ahmed's [her son] hockey team that wrote something in the opinion page. He said, "*they* need to do something; their people need to stop them." …. So I said to [my husband] Mahmoud, "It's funny that he thinks we can do something, like I forgot I have ISIS on my callers list [sarcastic tone]." I mean we don't know who these people are, and we can't stop them, but others think we can. I wish we could, but we can't.

As I murmured my agreement with Layla's words, Maya tearfully interjected, "I don't think Muslims can do that kind of stuff. They're not Muslim …. But, yeah, they think we're terrorists." Listening to Maya with concern in her eyes, Layla said, "*Yimkin flitna bi'l hakee shway* [Arabic for "Maybe we let our conversation get out of hand"] … but they have to know about it too. I always tell them don't ever be ashamed of who you are."

This conversation gives a sense of the multiple times we relationally resisted single stories and arrogant perceptions of Muslims as terrorists (or as terrorist sympathizers) alongside one another. However, our conversations continue to make me wonder about the ways single stories and arrogant perceptions—whether they stem from family, friends, neighbours, peers, or strangers—shape the experiences of Muslim children growing into adolescence and adulthood. Thinking of Maya's tearful comments during our conversation, I continue to wonder about how parents and other educators can discuss potentially painful arrogant perceptions and single stories others may hold of Muslims and Islam in ways that encourage awareness and understanding while simultaneously rejecting fear and cynicism.

"This Is How We Live. I'm Not Going to Hide or Put on a Lie for You" (Layla, Fall 2016)

Inquiring alongside Layla and Maya (and other co-inquirers) prompted my realization that we contend with multiple forms of arrogant perceptions—from within and across Muslim and other communities in Canada—as Muslim girls/daughters and women/mothers. During our first conversation in Tree Town, I laughed as Maya and my daughter Noor posed for a selfie. Layla incredulously asked, "Are you guys taking a selfie while we're talking?" Noor responded, "Yeah, I'm posting it on Snapchat." Maya added, "Mama, I just downloaded Snapchat." Layla cautioned, "Remember what *A3mo* [Arabic for Uncle] did when you got Vine?" Maya sighed, "Yeah, he's so annoying." Layla and Maya explained:

Maya: I posted a video of [my younger brother] Jamal saying, "Heyy Girlll!" on my Vine [laughing] …

Layla: And her uncle must've seen it, and he called Mahmoud [Maya's father], and was like, "Mahmoud, did you see what your daughter is doing?"

Me: For God's sake … our girls are so policed …

Layla: I know.

Several months later, as Maya was in grade seven, Layla and Maya shared how a family friend storied Maya's intentions in attending school sports games in unsettling ways:

Layla: Maya and some girls went to watch the game, and Yasmeen's mom goes there and texts me, "Your daughter is not in the gym." So I texted Maya, "Where are you?"

Maya: I was at a friend's locker.

Layla: Because *A3mto* said she seen you with boys.

Maya: I'm with my friend at her locker, and these boys were following us and even asked us to sit with them, and I was like "No."

Layla: But Yasmeen's mom took it that these guys are hanging out with them … so she called me after the game, and I told her that Maya said that these boys were following her and she was like, "I was going to tell you, but I wanted to see if she would tell you first."

Maya: I got really mad …

Layla: She was like, "Don't get mad at me, but your daughter doesn't really watch the game" …

Maya: No duh. It's boring. We suck [laughing].

Layla: And I don't like that about A3rabs [Arabic word for Arabs], like when they see a girl talking to boys, they think that there's something going on, and I don't like that. I used to talk to boys all the time, and they were just friends. My teacher's son used to drive me to work experience every day because I was like, "Hell no, I'm not walking all that way alone." And it's funny because my dad knew but my uncles didn't know because they wouldn't like it.

Shaking my head at Layla's words, I said, "So true … it's not fair." Layla continued: "You know, if someone doesn't accept her for who she is and she has to hide things, then they can just get lost … This is me. You want me for who I am? Great. You don't? Hit the road Jack. This is how we live, I'm not

going to hide or put on a lie for you."

The stories Layla and Maya shared of feeling policed by the judgments of some of their close family and friends resonated profoundly with many of my experiences of feeling arrogantly perceived as a Muslim girl/daughter and woman/mother. In response to their stories that day, I shared my frustration at the countless times I have been told by those closest to me that something I do/say, or my children do/say, is inappropriate:

> Me: We were taught to be trusting and that it's okay if someone mistreats you when it's people in our families who aren't being kind … they love you so it's okay …
>
> Layla: Just suck it up.
>
> Me: It's not our place to not like it.
>
> Layla: Yeah, exactly.

Contemplating the many single stories and arrogant perceptions Maya, Layla, and I have experienced, and will likely continue to experience, as Canadian Muslim females, I think about how, within our chosen communities, we interrupted, disrupted, and relationally resisted stories of who we 'are' or 'should' be in ways that affirm our right to live in ways *we* deem appropriate, even if these unhealthy narratives stem from family, friends, or other loved ones.

Growing Forward … Together

As I reconsider some of the stories that Maya, Layla, and I lived, shared, and inquired into, I think about how, at the commencement of this research, I had focused upon girls' transitions into adolescence as the most significant period of life transition. However, while adolescence is undoubtedly a period of significant life transition, this research has made me increasingly wakeful (Greene) to how both girls/daughters and women/mothers are *always* in transition, always in the process of imaginatively composing ourselves and lives in relation to countless people, places, and past and ongoing stories we live *by*, *with*, and *in*. Heilbrun conceptualizes transitions as follows:

> A threshold experience … providing to the actors involved the condition of liminality. The word "liminal" means "threshold," and to be in a state of liminality is to be poised upon uncertain ground, to be leaving one condition or country or self and entering upon another. But the most salient sign of liminality is its lack of clarity about exactly where one belongs and what one should be doing, or wants to be doing. (3)

For Heilbrun, liminal spaces of transitions are in-between spaces rife with uncertainty and unsteadiness but also with imagination and possibility. Layla, Maya, and I composed our lives and inquiry alongside each other for over two years and supported one another through many moments and periods of liminality—including shifts in relationships and mourning the passing of loved ones—as we lived in the midst of, and in relation to, multiple arrogant perceptions and single stories of goodness from within and across Muslim and other communities in Canada. However, (re)telling and (re)living our stories alongside one another within our chosen community created (liminal) spaces within which we were able to relationally resist and reshape countless stories of who we are should be as good Muslim mothers and daughters, and continually (re)compose ourselves and lives together.

Endnotes

1. Pseudonyms are used for all co-inquirers.
2. I gratefully acknowledge Killam Trusts for funding my doctoral research.
3. In their five-year study alongside one hundred participants between the ages of seven and eighteen attending a private school in Cleveland, Brown and Gilligan discuss how adolescence marks a "crossroads in women's development: a meeting between girl and woman, an intersection between psychological health and cultural regeneration, a watershed in women's psychology which affects both women and men" (1).
4. In my doctoral dissertation, drawing upon the work of several scholars, I write, "Muslim women—especially veiled Muslim women—are often storied by the media and in literature as any combination of the following: poor, uncivilized, oppressed, meek, exotic, suspicious, less-than, and primitive" (*Stories We Live by, with, and In* 38).
5. Huber et al. (2011) discuss curriculum as being composed within two worlds: school and familial curriculum-making worlds. They argue that although school curriculum making is recognized and accepted as a place where curriculum is composed, familial curriculum making (the curriculum that is composed within familial and community places) is not often recognized as an equally important site of curriculum making.
6. I chose to focus upon my inquiry alongside Layla and Maya in this article because I feel that the stories we (re)told and (re)lived alongside each other suit this article's re-presentation of our inquiry. I have published a chapter about dwelling in uncertainty as I narratively inquired alongside Ayesha and Zahra (Saleh, "Dwelling (together)"), and in the near future, drawing upon my inquiry alongside Safaa and Rayyan, I will compose a paper about the racial discrimination that Black Muslim mothers and daughters face from within and across Muslim and other communities in Canada.

7. Pseudonym for a rural town in Alberta.
8. Here, I draw upon Lugones's conceptualization of lack of (un)health: "So, though I may not be at ease in the 'worlds' in which I am not constructed playful, it is not that I am not playful because I am not at ease. The two are compatible. But lack of playfulness is not caused by lack of ease. Lack of playfulness is not symptomatic of lack of ease but of lack of health. I am not a healthy being in the 'worlds' that construct me unplayful" (14).
9. I use these terms in a specific way throughout this work. Clandinin explains the following:
   "People *live* out stories and *tell* stories of their living. Narrative inquirers come alongside participants … and begin to engage in narrative inquiry into our lived and told stories. We call this process of coming alongside participants and then inquiring into the lived and told stories *retelling* stories. Because we see that we are changed as we retell our lived and told stories, we may begin to *relive* our stories" (my emphasis, 34).
10. Although many scholars are careful to differentiate between the terms headscarf/veil and hijab—arguing that the concept of hijab is broader than a piece of fabric covering a woman's hair—I use the terms headscarf/veil and hijab interchangeably. I do this because this is the term many Muslim women use to refer to their headscarf/veil. However, the concept of hijab includes a requirement for men and women to observe modesty in demeanour and dress. The headscarf/veil is considered a form of hijab, and Islamic scholars from diverse Muslim communities differ in their opinions as to whether the headscarf is required to fulfill hijab for women.
11. Many Muslim individuals and communities believe that puberty marks the time when Muslim girls are required to don hijab.
12. A group of attackers killed 130 people and injured hundreds in coordinated attacks in Paris, France, on 13 November, 2015 (CBC News).

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